

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

SUSAN DEAR: Prepare to hear my raves. I am about to launch into a defense of my home town, so give your fair warning.

Haven't you constantly heard the cry: "There are no men in Washington?" Well, it is a nice theory, the trouble being that it isn't. Several times the other day, we came to the Washington full of eligible men. How I hate that expression—but of men who have done things and who want to something in the world. The beauty of the home town is in the fact that the men of real consequence are too much occupied with business and affairs of state to have time to devote to the continuous round of festivities which fills up a Washington season.

Certainly it is that there are men and men in Washington by the score and no mean percentage of them are bachelors. There is Judge McReynolds, for instance, sometime Attorney General. He may be a confirmed bachelor, he has apparently managed so far to keep himself whole and fancy free; but he is certainly a most eligible party and a charming person to boot. The Third Assistant Postmaster General, Alexander Dockery, is another bachelor, and a man of real attainments. His position here is most responsible, the postal savings branch of the Postoffice Department coming directly under him; and at home he is a political force. Indeed, he was at one time governor of the State of Missouri.

Then there is John Barrett, beloved of hostesses and the delight of the delectable. Mr. Barrett is, however, much more than a mere social butterfly. The idea of the Pan-American Union originated in his brain, largely through his work it became not only a possibility but a reality.

Of course, there is a horde of young diplomats here, not always eligible, perhaps, but dear to the heart of the hostesses and the jeune fille. And there are, be it known, no less than six foreign ministers accredited to Washington who are bachelors, to wit: Senor Don Roberto Brenes Mesen, minister from Costa Rica; Mehdi Khan, the Persian envoy; Dr. Alberto Membrillo, minister from Honduras; Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, minister from Cuba; Viscount d'Alte, the Portuguese representative, and the Danish minister, Constantine Brun.

The Cuban minister is a newcomer and promises to be a welcome addition to social circles and a boon to the hostesses. In addition to being a distinguished diplomat, he is a lawyer, artist, sculptor, and author. Mr. Brun is a notable favorite, particularly with the horse set, and a squire of dames. But the real lion of the diplomats is A. Rustem Bey, a perfectly good ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, and a bachelor in the bargain, will not be with us this season, much to the disgust of the feminine contingent. He is a man of wide attainments, a delightful host, and the Turkish embassy promised to be the scene of much hospitality this winter; so his recall or non-recall will amount to a small social tragedy.

The United States Senate has a fine allowance of bachelors, noble among them Senator Burton of Ohio, said to be the most popular dinner guest in the Senate. It is commonly averred that he is iron-clad and copper-riveted within, else he had been dead from shelling out some fifteen years ago. The congressional directory states that he is sixty-three years old and thereby vouches for his veracity. None who know him can believe it.

Senator du Pont of Delaware is, of course, a prize from the point of view of designing names—but wary and unobtainable. Nevertheless, he is a distinct social asset to the town, and entertains delightfully in his fine house on Massachusetts avenue. Senator Penrose and Senator Brandegee are two "marriageable eligibles," as a friend of mine used to call them, both of that molasses age which is still considered young—if he is single. The damon and pythias of the House, Congressman McKellar of Tennessee, and young Maurice Connolly of Iowa, are both languishing in single blessedness. Mr. Connolly, particularly, is a real deal of a personality. He is a graduate of Cornell University, of the New York Law School, and took graduate courses at Oxford and at the University of Heidelberg. He is president or director of half a dozen manufacturing firms, banks, etc., back home, and is without just a nice, attractive, unassuming chap. He bears the distinction of being the first Democrat to first native born and the youngest ever elected from the "monkey-branch" district which he represents in Congress. He is now busy running for senator from Iowa, with every prospect of success, and if he is elected, will be the youngest member of the Senate, with the possible exception of Senator Mike Lee.

Always a mecca for the army and navy, Washington boasts just now an unusual number of bachelor officers holding positions of trust and importance. Victor Bliss, young, single, and objective, is chief of the Bureau of Aviation, with the highest rank of major general. He was awarded the Spanish war, made his reconnaissance around Santiago and carried messages from Admiral Sampson to the Cuban commanders. Lieutenant Commander Dudley McLean is serving as judge advocate general of the navy, another position of real importance and a great social favorite. In his office, similarly known as the "J. A. G. Department," is young Adolph Statten, who commanded the landing battalion of the North Carolina at Vera Cruz. He is the owner of a new automobile, and bids fair to be one of the beaux of the season.

The paymaster general of the navy, Samuel McGowan, is an unusually clever and interesting chap, and very much the youngest head the pay corps of the navy has ever had—but before I wrote you of him before. The Major General Beach, recently ordered to the War College, is an army officer of great distinction, who has seen considerable service with troops and made his name for himself in military circles. Another recent arrival is Capt. Durand Elliott, of the Fifth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Myer. He is a good looking fellow, of the English style, fond of society, and reputed to be a worthy successor to Capt. Warren.

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# A Chronicle of Society



MISS HELEN HEYL

chapel for the District of Columbia, is a chap who should not be forgotten. He is a fine, upstanding young fellow, and high in favor with the Administration, and no even casual list of eligible Washington men is complete without mention of the widowers. Foremost among them, of course, is John R. McLean, with three prominent United States Senators following close in his wake—Senator Gallinger, Senator Blair Lee of Maryland, and Senator Lippert, one of the wealthiest men in the Senate. Then there is William H. Lamar, Attorney General for the Postoffice Department, a fine looking man, with brains and ability.

But a truce to this trade. I could go on for an hour, but fear I have taken more time with the writing than you will care to spend on the reading of my brief, and I must proceed with my news.

I met Dorothy McConnaught down town the other day, in an attractive blue taffeta gown and a black velvet hat. She was as amusing and bright as ever, and told me she expected to go home today or Monday to join her husband. He has been up to his eyes in work, busy, you know, with New York politics, and Dorothy says she certainly will be glad when the excitement is over.

Mrs. Bentley was telling me, the other day, of her European experiences. She and Mr. Bentley were safely out of Germany before the trouble commenced, but were marooned in Switzerland, at Lucerne, for over a month. "That, however, sounds worse than it really was," she said, "for we were thoroughly comfortable, and the Swiss managed to look after the crowds of stranded visitors perfectly." She spoke of the conflicting tales she had since heard of the treatment of Americans by the Germans. They had a courier in Paris, where they stopped off a day or two on their way home, who gave them harrowing details of the experiences of two American ladies, just out of Germany, whom he had recently seen safely started for home. They, he said, had been treated in an outrageous fashion by the German soldiers, had even been buffeted over the heads and kicked. "On the other hand," said Mrs. Bentley, "in London we met many American women who had received nothing but kindness from the German soldiers, and the most courteous treatment from the Germans, the authorities, and the military alike."

In Liverpool, at the same time with the Bentleys, Mrs. Lloyd Bowen, much upset over the loss of the trunk containing a large part of her wardrobe, which had been made in Paris. Mrs. Bentley told me that she understood that all the trunks were recovered, and that the most courteous treatment from the Germans, the authorities, and the military alike."

Lady Simpson, Mrs. Alston Simpson, you remember, is back in Washington, holding positions of trust and importance. Victor Bliss, young, single, and objective, is chief of the Bureau of Aviation, with the highest rank of major general. He was awarded the Spanish war, made his reconnaissance around Santiago and carried messages from Admiral Sampson to the Cuban commanders. Lieutenant Commander Dudley McLean is serving as judge advocate general of the navy, another position of real importance and a great social favorite. In his office, similarly known as the "J. A. G. Department," is young Adolph Statten, who commanded the landing battalion of the North Carolina at Vera Cruz. He is the owner of a new automobile, and bids fair to be one of the beaux of the season.

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closed by the way. The fifteenth of September marked the end of the season.

There are some nice new army people in Washington this winter, the Kingsburys. Colonel Kingsbury, who was in command of the Eighth Cavalry, is retired and he and Mrs. Kingsbury have bought an attractive house in Wyoming avenue. They have two charming daughters, Clara and Elizabeth, and a son at West Point. They have never lived here before and don't know many people outside the army set, but the girls are dead attractive and are bound to have a good time. They have their own little electric and make good use of it.

Cornelia Claggett and her mother, Mrs. John R. Claggett, have been at Appomattox visiting Anna Porter Flood for the last week or two. Mr. Flood has only been able to get away for flying visits, but I hear Anna is coming home for good about the first of October.

The Gleaves expected to come to Washington this winter, that is, Mrs. Gleaves, Anne and Evelyn, the Captain's daughters, who have been in the Navy. The York navy yard, has been ordered to the Utah, and the family expect to come here. They were stationed here when the girls were youngsters, but I don't think they have been here since Anna made her debut, though she has visited here several times. They are both unusually pretty girls, and will be a decided addition to many circles. I saw the sweetest picture the other day, a copy of a madonna in some little church in Newport or Jamestown, for which Evelyn Gleaves posed.

I just heard today that Grace Bell, Mrs. Granville Fortescue, has a new baby, her third little daughter. This young lady is now two or three months old. The Fortescue family are well scattered these days. They have been living in Belgium for some time, you know, but right now Mr. Fortescue is off somewhere in the wake of the armies, as assisting chief of the staff. It is possible for him to penetrate. Grace and the new baby are in England, and the two little girls are at Twin Oaks with Mrs. Charles J. Bell. Bobbie Bell, it seems, was abroad this summer, and when he came home, brought the ambassador's extra attaché, military or something of the sort. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilson.

Speaking of bachelors—and I believe I mentioned them a while back—reminds me of Ed Greble. Lucky dog, half the men of the army are envying him. You know he was detailed to the Cavalry School at Saumur, in France, and, being on the ground when the trouble began, was naturally allowed to stay. He is now attached to the American embassy in Paris, and I read in the paper the other day that he had been sent out to rescue some American refugees, who were stranded somewhere outside Paris.

Lieut. Theodore Wilkinson is another Washington boy who is in the thick of it. He was over with the Tennessee and was then detached and sent to the embassy as extra attaché, military or something of the sort. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilson.

Mrs. Harry Oelrichs, who was the beautiful Esther Moreland from Pittsburgh, and her husband arrived in New York the other day, after closing their English country home for a while. Mrs. Moreland is in London and the Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. Mayne are with her. Mrs. Mayne and Mrs. Moreland are sisters, you know. The Maynes will leave for their post in Russia just as soon as they can cross the North Sea in safety. Little Helen Mayne is here in town with her aunt, Miss Flora Doyle, and just now Mrs. Oelrichs's sister, Clara Moreland, is visiting her. Helen and her aunt expect to join the Ambassador and Mrs. Mayne in Petrograd, where things have somewhat settled down on the other side.

Lee McClunz, the former United States Treasurer, has been having a hard time in London lately. He writes that he has had a "fever jag," typhoid fever, but he is better now and on the road to recovery. Did you know he was a famous football player in his day, a member of the famous Yale team of 1891 that went through the entire season without being scored on—and largely on his merits, they say. Mr. McClunz doesn't say anything about coming home in his letters.

Lanette Smith will go to Albany to be bridesmaid for Agnes Bryn at her marriage to Capt. Ralph Goldthwaite, United States Medical Corps, on October 1. There will be several other bridesmaids, but all Albany girls, and her two sisters-in-law will be matrons of honor for Miss Bryn. She is a very popular person around Washington. She has spent two winters here, you know, and all her friends are tickled that she still lives here. Goldthwaite is stationed at the Walter Reed Hospital.

The Frank Mitchells have been in town nearly all summer. They planned to go abroad, but the war trouble prevented and, besides, Mrs. Mitchell has been much occupied with the painting of a new automobile wheel, which she has invented. It is of such a nature as to absorb the shock and make possible the use of old rubber tires for passenger machines. Imagine having the brains to conceive a thing like that. The Mitchells have the loveliest place you ever saw. Rather formal, even, but it is a thing to be proud of. All the lighting fixtures were made to order in Paris, and are of carved wood. The dining room is a miniature work of art and carries out to the minutest detail, the period in which the room is designed. The table and chairs are really old French. It is furnished with real museum pieces and is thoroughly charming and attractive. I never saw such finish in my life, and the lighting, pictures, mostly old prints, hangings, furniture, etc., throughout the house are absolutely in keeping and beautiful in themselves.

I met Francis Williams in a "hat hospital," the other day, with a Paris creation he had "done over," and a dozen other smart people came in while I was waiting, to have their hats "done over" for treatment. Verily these are hard times.

I was so glad to get your telegram, honey, saying that you could come for the 14th as well as the 21st. Mary Edna surprised us all by getting the date for her wedding so soon, and I was ever so glad that you wouldn't be able to come then. Mary Edna is much relieved, and says she wouldn't feel safe until she had you with her. It will be such joy for me to have you with me, for mother leaves the 14th, and I shall be rightfully lonely. All you come. Aunt Nellie will keep house together with you, a able assistance but will be doubly glad of some one to cheer me up.

My love to the boys and girls. He sounds most attractive, and I am looking forward with real enthusiasm to meeting him.

Yours with love, JEAN ELIOT.

# ALICE NIELSEN WILL SING HERE TONIGHT

Notable Program Arranged for Red Cross Benefit Concert.

At the concert for the benefit of the Red Cross fund at the National Theater tonight by Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano, Riccardo Martin, tenor, and Rudolph Ganz, pianist, the following program will be rendered: (1) "Mefistofelo," (2) "Wagnerlied," (3) "Lorelei," (4) "Lorelei," (5) "Lorelei," (6) "Lorelei," (7) "Lorelei," (8) "Lorelei," (9) "Lorelei," (10) "Lorelei," (11) "Lorelei," (12) "Lorelei," (13) "Lorelei," (14) "Lorelei," (15) "Lorelei," (16) "Lorelei," (17) "Lorelei," (18) "Lorelei," (19) "Lorelei," (20) "Lorelei," (21) "Lorelei," (22) "Lorelei," (23) "Lorelei," (24) "Lorelei," (25) "Lorelei," (26) "Lorelei," (27) "Lorelei," (28) "Lorelei," (29) "Lorelei," (30) "Lorelei," (31) "Lorelei," (32) "Lorelei," (33) "Lorelei," (34) "Lorelei," (35) "Lorelei," (36) "Lorelei," (37) "Lorelei," (38) "Lorelei," (39) "Lorelei," (40) "Lorelei," (41) "Lorelei," (42) "Lorelei," (43) "Lorelei," (44) "Lorelei," (45) "Lorelei," (46) "Lorelei," (47) "Lorelei," (48) "Lorelei," (49) "Lorelei," (50) 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